

LONDON

TWO AND SIX

0Z

SHUT THAT GUY UP!

TOM JONES

MARK LANE

BRITISH BREAST

30s & CRAIN

WHITEHALL ROAD

PETER PORTER



BITE SIZED OZ! MONSTER POSTERS!

MARK LANE: "RUSH TO JUDGEMENT"



SHUT THAT GUY UP!

What really happened at the BBC's Lime Grove studios on January 29? Ostensibly, a much fan-fared impartial investigation into the death of Kennedy which pitted Mark Lane, author of 'Rush to Judgement' against two Warren Commission lawyers, Arlen Specter and David Belin and two of the Warren Report's influential defenders, Lord Devlin and Professor Bickel. What actually appeared on TV screens outraged an undisclosed number of viewers; prompting them to jam BBC switchboards. The strict format of the programme seemed loaded against Lane, to say nothing of compere Kenneth Harris's compulsive partiality. What didn't appear on camera is even more fascinating. Here Mark Lane recounts his negotiations with the BBC, reveals how rehearsals with other protagonists were underway 12 days before he arrived and discloses astonishing occurrences behind-the-scenes.

If you were watching BBC-2 for almost five hours on January 29 you should have been informed that the distortion was not caused by a faulty television set in your home. It originated at BBC's Lime Grove studio. It was, in fact, planned that way.

On January 19 I drove to a college in Philadelphia with the anticipation of a debate with Arlen Specter, one of the most powerful of the Warren Commission's lawyers. Mr Specter had been, I was informed, a young Democrat, given an assignment as an assistant district attorney by the Democratic District Attorney of Philadelphia. His employer persuaded him to serve as a Commission lawyer, an extra-curricular bit of activity that enhanced both his reputation and his finances. Mr Specter returned from the Washington crusade. He changed his political party, announced his candidacy for the office of District Attorney, and the promise that his work for President Johnson's Commission brought him enabled him to defeat his former friend and supporter. On the very afternoon of my arrival in Philadelphia the leading newspaper announced that Mr Specter would be the Republican candidate for Mayor. You may well imagine my desire to meet so famous a person in public debate in his own city. But, alas, it was not to be. Mr Specter's office announced that he must return early that night (the debate was set for 7 pm) for he was required to catch an early plane for London the next day in order to debate with me—twelve days later. On the afternoon I flew to California, appeared on radio and television programmes there and debated another Warren Commission lawyer at the University of California at Los Angeles before flying to London.

However, as the reader will discover, perhaps to his amazement, and as I discovered, much to my regret, my absence from London was apparently no more for I missed the BBC rehearsal for the week-long television debate programme. In retrospect I must add that I was not now sure that my mere presence in London would have ensured my knowledge of the rehearsal schedule or an invitation to the preparations.

It seemed just a bit odd as we then to arrange a politician as Mr Specter would refuse to debate with me in America (the major networks and leading universities had sought to arrange such debates on many occasions) but Mr Specter was adamant in his rejection of every such invitation and so quickly agreed to escape across the ocean for the encounter. One last note would have had a clue that the BBC had somehow made the confrontation more attractive to the Commission's representatives. I continue to having speculated about the manner with myself for a month or two, I concluded that the turn of the Geography, the experts' account, the trip to London for the lawyers and presumably their wives or associates, and perhaps even a bit might have tipped the balance. Now it could not be any interests regarding the programme's format. My own personal admiration for the English respect for their play ruled out that consideration.

The format was, of course, soon to become the question of the day. This being so let me state my contact with it from the outset. The film's director, René de Arestima (who having now been identified as you I must however refer to as R), for I have only known him so, and I should forget that it is I write about it I told him anyone etc, bore the burden of the original agreement with the BBC officials—

He told me that the BBC had agreed to show the film on January 29, that there would be an introduction, and that it would be followed by a general discussion in which it

was hoped that I would participate. I agreed at once. BBC stressed that I sign a document in which I agreed not to appear on any other radio or television programme to be broadcast in England prior to January 29. This effort at the creation of a sorry small monopoly hardly seemed appropriate, but as it was the condition for the showing of the film, and as I did not plan to be in London much before that date anyway, I accepted the document and it was submitted to the BBC. Subsequently, the BBC officials agreed the contract purchasing the film for one showing.

My first direct contact with a BBC staffer came when I was in Los Angeles. A call came from London. A very nervous and polite English voice informed me that it was owed by one Peter Pagamentos who was the assistant director of the programme which had been named "The Death of Kennedy". He called to find out when I would arrive and to be sure that I understood the approach that the director had taken to the programme. I would appear on the fifth. I said, and I should like to hear the director's approach. He explained that the film would be shown. It would commence the opening statement of "your case" as he put it. Then the Commission lawyers would be permitted to make comments. Didn't I think it fair that they should speak next? I did, indeed. And then you will return and the debate will proceed. It all sounded fine, I said, but wasn't there to be two other participants? Oh yes, Lord Devlin, you know who he is? I did. Well he and a Professor Blackall will speak first in the programme. In other words, I said, you will have four Commission supporters present the Commission's case and I alone will speak for the critics? In a sense you might say that, he replied, but Lord Devlin and Professor Blackall are not Commission personnel. I like that one pass not saying that they had been more effective for the Commission even if more agreement of the facts. I said I would like to make a suggestion. Perhaps you might invite Professor Hugh Trevor-Roper—you know who he is? Among his credentials so quickly as a participant was the fact that he has read the 26 volumes, and his writings on the subject seemed to demonstrate that he was almost the only person in England to have bothered to examine the evidence. Certainly Lord Devlin gave no sign of such an acquaintance with the facts. The answer was that Professor Trevor-Roper was not to be a participant. And now that that's out of the way, what hotel would you like to stay at, I couldn't care less. Any will do. Well, then we'll make a reservation for you at the X hotel, and if there is any change we'll have a message waiting for you when you arrive at the airport. Please call Dick Fenton the name of your arrival and contact Paul Fox when you're settled in your hotel in London. The cable was sent—Arrive January 28th 7:00 AM.

And that was the first and last word regarding the format of the programme before my 15,000 mile journey from Los Angeles to London in rehearsal upon that conversation.

Arrived at 7:00 AM. It was raining. I was tired from the trip from New York to Los Angeles, a busy schedule on the west coast, the flight to London from Los Angeles, and the thought of flying back to New York on three days for two days then before flying back to Paris. But that was an important programme and well worth the effort. By worth the effort, I meant not that it would be worth it financially, for since I was not paid a fee for the programme, and in fact was compelled to cancel speaking engagements for it which were to have paid handsomely, the programme was, in that sense, to be worse than a total loss. But the chance to meet the imaginative creator of the simple bullet theory in an open, no holds barred encounter, before some seven million viewers, with the knowledge that it would be fully reported in my own country, was worth any sacrifice of time or money or effort. Well, I was tired. I dressed haphazardly quickly with a greeting from the clerk. He said he'd be watching the programme. Customs, too, was

fun and pleasant. There was no message waiting. I called the X hotel to find out there was no reservation. Since D had told me that the Commission lawyers, Mr Spencer who you have already met, and Mr Biden from Iowa, were to stay in rather luxurious quarters in the Connaught, I called there as well. No reservation for me. I called the BBC Apartments, obviously a night-time receptionist hoping the morning would pass without the kind of problem I was about to present, answered. He said he had no authority. Of course Mr Fox was not to and wouldn't be for hours and, say, no one is in, except me and I know nothing about hotels, perhaps you might call back on a couple of hours. Two buses parked rather slowly in the drably terraced building. It was almost dark and I had left New York the evening before and hadn't yet been to sleep. In due course a representative and somewhat portly lady at the BBC was located and a reservation made at a hotel. I was too tired to care that the hotel was undergoing major renovation and that the lobby resembled a hatched out sludge at that the rooms were dark and smoky.

Before I left the Series, D had told me that the BBC had constructed a more authentic model of Drusey Farm and that it was hoped, by the BBC, that instead of aerial photographs of the area which appeared in our film, live, on camera, shots of the model might be envisaged. I agreed to the substitution upon my agreement that the model was accurate. I took a shower, shaved, and called Paul Fox. The operator at the BBC cut me off. I called again. He was not in but would call back. He never did. I called Peter Pagamanno. He was at a meeting and his office would switch me to the meeting room. We were not off again. I called back. Mr Pagamanno will call you in a minute. He didn't. I called back on fifteen minutes and reached him. I said that I would like to see the model. He said, sorry about the renovation at the hotel, hope it hasn't disturbed you. I said that it is quite all right, thinking that if he knew a lot as to why didn't he book a room at some other hotel. I would like to see the model. He said, how would tomorrow do. No too well, I said, for if any changes have to be made you may need some time and tomorrow is the day of the programme. Well, let's see what time might be convenient for us for you to arrive. He said he'd call back. The phone rang and it was Per Høngeby, a journalist for the Danish afternoon newspaper *Ekstra Bladet*.

I said, how would you like to see the BBC model and meet some BBC officials? He said he'd like to and we took a taxi to the BBC Lane Grove road. There we met Mr Pagamanno who persisted in to see the model. It was breath-taking in detail.

And in each crucial respect it was inaccurate.

One of the participants, Mr Bakel, in an effort to prove that no ships could have come from behind the wooden fence, the area from which some of the ships originated, had written in an American publication (*Commentary*, October 1961) "people were walking about this area and looking down on it from the railroad bridge over the underpass, and no one was on aerial view". Mr Bakel's argument obviously rests upon the assumption that one can observe the area behind the wooden fence from the railroad bridge which is above it. His supposed ignorance of the topography of the area can, probably be explained by his failure to visit the location. The railroad bridge is the same height as the base of the five foot wooden fence, not above it, and the fence area is heavily landscaped with bushes and trees so dense that it is absolutely impossible to see anyone behind the fence from the bridge. Yet the BBC model seemed almost designed to accommodate Mr Bakel's false supposition, although I felt quite certain that clumsily improvisation, not malice, was responsible for the model which placed the bridge above the fence and removed all of the bushes and most of the trees from the area thus giving the model witnesses a view which the real witnesses could never secure.

In our Report the Commission had said that a most important witness, S M Holland, was living proof that no ships came from behind the fence since he was in the area behind the fence from the railroad bridge "immediately" after the ships were fired. In our film Holland answered that incorrect conclusion by stating that it took him two or two and a half minutes to get to the fence since the area between him and that destination was "a lot of view". He said, they were so tightly packed, bumper to bumper, that he had to climb over them. Again the BBC model accommodated the Commission rather than the facts. There was no sea of cars, just a few scattered models that would not have prevented Holland from spreading to the fence.

Mr Pagamanno accepted my suggestion for changes in the model. I suggested that we compare the model to photographs. We don't have any photographs here in the studio, was the reply. How could you construct a detailed model without photographs, I asked, but embarrassing myself. I said, never mind, I have some at the hotel and I'll bring them now. But before I left to get them I observed the remainder of the set. On the far left, appearing almost as if it were on a bulk, was a small table, at which I was told I would sit during the programme. A larger table, named, as in a judge's bench, was in the middle, and it was this that covered the bulk in the ground impression for my table. To the right was another larger table for two, and still further along, the air for our impartial moderator, Kenneth Harris.

Why the elevated table, I asked? For the two judges or moderators, as we still think, was the reply. And who might they be? As I told you before, Lord Easlin and Professor Bakel. I thought that they were participants in the debate. Well, they will participate as judges, that is they will give their verdict at the end of the programme, and as to the debate, it will not really be a debate. That is you will be given a chance to speak when you are personally attacked. When, not if? You make it sound as if it is already set. Surely I didn't come all this way to defend myself. I came to discuss the facts surrounding the death of the President. Isn't that the name of your programme? Well, you had better talk with Mr Fox about that, was the answer.

Mr Høngeby and I were taken into a small downstairs room to meet Mr Fox. At the time he appeared with Kenneth Harris. We were offered a drink as in the customs at the BBC. I accepted. My watch arrived at once with six and water at all Americans presumably him is, although I said I would prefer it straight. Mr Harris' gas arrived just after we began to depart.

Mr Fox seemed deeply perturbed. I understood you have some problems, he said. I explained them all. The model was not accurate. How can two Warren Commission scepticism be judges. Lord Easlin has served as the almost official spokesman for the Warren Report in England for more than two years. He endorsed the Report before the evidence was published, and since the publication of the 88 volumes he has betrayed no trace of having examined them. Bakel, on a smaller scale, has tried to serve the establishment in his own country in much the same way. How can you suggest that they be judges. Mr Fox said, after all we are showing your two hour film, so there is no need for everyone on the panel to agree with you. I retorted that he had not understood my point. If he desired, he could have a dozen Warren Commission spokesmen on the programme, and I would not object. When I observed to see the BBC establishing two such spokesmen as judges. Mr Fox, now

aided by the impartial moderator, said that we can hardly be expected to withdraw the invitation to Lord Devlin, I did not expect or hope that would be done. Just take off those black robes and make them more normal as were the rest of us. Cannot be done, said Mr Fox. Well, then, I said, introduce them properly. That is let the audience know that they have witness in support of the Commission's central conclusion that Oswald was the lone assassin. Surely, said Mr Fox, you don't doubt the integrity of two such important men as public life. Surely you believe that they can be swayed by the evidence if it proven that their previously held position was wrong. Their integrity was irrelevant to the discussion—their private conduct, I offered. Mr Harris resolved the problem by stating that he would introduce them as two men who have supported the Commission's view. He added that if I wanted to discuss my objections to them on the air, I would be given every opportunity to do so. I said that I would do so.

When we approached the issue of the names—my role in the debate. It was set, it could not be changed. I could only respond to personal attacks, said Harris and Fox in one voice and several times. I doubt that the audience saves much for hearing personal attacks made or defended against, I said. I think, perhaps they would like to hear about the death of the President—that is why they will care in the programme called *The Death of Kennedy*. If you want to do another programme, called *Mark Lane Attacked and Defended*, I will come back for it, but I do not suppose that anyone will care to watch it!

The format is set. The format is set. It cannot be changed. It cannot be changed. The film will be presented in four segments, the Commission lawyers will attack each portion and if, in doing so, they make any personal attacks upon you, you will be permitted seven days to respond. In addition, as we have agreed, you will be given ample time to point out what you consider to be weaknesses in the programme's format and with its choice of witnesses.

In four segments, I asked? We worked for two years to make that film. We drove from New York to Dallas and back because we could not afford the air fare. My wife cooked dinner for us all in Texas because we could not afford to eat in restaurants. We have sacrificed to make that film. That is an awful pressure. And you intend to chop it up into four pieces. Let it be seen as it was made, and then let your critics say what they will. The film has an integrity and an integrity of its own. Do not destroy that.

Mr Fox said that in the contract, that *Me de Antonio* signed, we have the right to show the film in four segments and that we intend to do it that way.

I called D. He said that the BBC had told him that the film would be shown with just one interviewee.

I wrong but not concerned from the BBC. Harris and Fox both agreed, both gave solemn commitments, that I would be given ample time at the outset of the programme to dissent from the format, to explain my objection to the judges, to explain that the film could not possibly present the case against the Report but only those portions which were, in the worst of a better word, libels, and that, in my view, the BBC formula defused a genuine exchange of the facts. We shook hands

and were about to depart when Mr Hargrave, as journalist will do, asked a few questions of Mr Harris.

Q: Don't you wait for the Observer?

Harris: Yes, I do.

Q: What is the Observer's position on the assassination?

Harris: We don't have one.

Q: You don't have one?

Harris: No.

Q: Don't you think that the subject is sufficiently important for you to think about it and take a position?

Harris: Well, we did do that when the Report came out.

Q: Yes?

Harris: Well, we supported the Commission.

Q: Have you taken another position since then?

Harris: No, we haven't.

Q: Then the Observer's position is in support of the Warren Commission?

Harris: Well, you might say that.

Q: Wouldn't you say that?

Harris: Yes, I suppose so.

Q: You will be the moderate tonight?

Harris: Yes.

We arrived back at the studio one hour and a half before air time. The guests were well requested. I was placed in a small cubicle, lavishly furnished with food, liquor, and excellent wine. Some doors away were Specter and Rubin and the young BBC team, all of whom, we were told in whispers, had arrived for the programme—the longer live studio production in British history.

Just before air time I asked what was to be done about make-up. A streamer of those to four hundred appearances in America, I had expected that matter to be disposed of in a dressing room long before then. It will be taken care of in the studio. Make-up was applied to some but not to me. Of serious concern was the fact that there was but one set of the 22 volumes and three were given to Rubin and Specter and placed for out of my reach. As the programme began it became clear that Harris was working from a script and that both Rubin and Specter had copies of the script. I had none and, in fact, I thought that the spontaneous programme which had been described to me would produce the use of one.

I shall not offer an account of the programme here. The English press was late in its reporting, more late than the American press has been on this subject. The Times reported on its front page that the BBC switchboard was jammed with viewers complaining that the programme was unfair. The Daily Mirror and, "Chairman Kenneth Harris officiously and for me, embarrassingly clumsily allowed Mr Lane whenever he tried to draw verbal swords with the real lawyers . . ." The Daily Sketch said that Harris conducted the programme "for too longwindedly". The Daily Express headlined its story, "Warren Process 'Unfair'". During TV *Newsweek* and added "Harris did appear to behave pompously", in a story headed "Verdict on Harris" the *Londoner's Daily* in the Evening Standard emphatically found him, Harris, guilty of being "arrogant", "too abrupt", and "fairly dishonest". On the both, the Times pointed out that many witnesses did insist that the shots came from behind a fence on a grassy knoll, and the Guardian, an original supporter of the Commission, did a complete turn about "Mark Lane seems now to have won his case, or Oswald's case." And, "Now it seems clear to almost everyone but the Warren Commission that it was indeed a rush to judgement." Could one better have hit both the President and Governor Connally? If not, there were at least two assassins. Said the Daily Mirror, "It just doesn't seem possible."

The next day *The Times* ran a fairly lengthy and scrupulously fair and accurate story presenting some of my objections and the BBC reply. By mentioning this reply with the Kenneth Harris statement to the Standard the day before the definitive establishment position can be ascertained. But before that some more facts.

After the witnesses in the film said that they heard shots come from behind the fence, and saw a puff of smoke come from that location as well, Cliff Matthews, not waiting for the Bellin-Spector response, and for the BBC, the whole of Duxley Place is burst shagged and that the area behind the fence is cross-crossed with steam pipes thereby accounting for the "smoke". Ignorance, Mr Butler's only excuse, cannot be brought forward in the face of that false allegation since the BBC had sent Mr Macdonald to Dallas to look about. I know now what passes for a hotel in England but there would be little room for so flat a hotel to accommodate enough people for a very young child in any country. The area behind the fence is not cross-crossed with steam pipes. There is but one pipe anywhere in the entire area and it runs in a straight line from the overpass and not behind the fence. Does Mr Macdonald really think that a man who spent six years working that section of the railroad yards, as in the case of Mr Holland, would state that he saw smoke, that he knew that it came from a weapon, and be totally unaware of the presence of steam pipes that the driver Mr Macdonald found in his first trip there? I mention Mr Macdonald's cross-crossed pipes because it was unfortunately typical of several false statements that he made—all of which conformed to the Commission's case, if not to the facts.

But, of course, you saw all this and I should tell you of the programme that BBC did not transmit. While the film was playing, the debate in the studio flourished, only to the center Mr Harris' honey hand when the live broadcast, so to speak, commenced. An example—During an early segment of the programme Mr Harris began questioning Mr Bellin, asking him as often if he had been engaged in any correspondence with me regarding the making of the film. Mr Bellin, it seems, wanted to become a movie star and, unable to make it on his own, felt that we should provide a camera, film, a crew and an opportunity for him to speak in our film for a minimum of thirty minutes. Mr Bellin was well prepared for the leading questions put to him. He had the correspondence in question spread out before him even before the first question was asked which, I must confess, raised some question in my normally unresponsive mind regarding the possibility that the area had been explained before the programme began. I quickly put the evil thought aside but it returned in a more persistent form shortly thereafter when, for a moment, Mr Harris began what he was about and departed from the script. Mr Harris, perhaps to establish his own identity, asked Mr Spector about a glaring discrepancy that the BBC had tracked down in the Warren Report. The FBI agent, Frazier, had testified that an examination of the President's shirt did not prove that a shot came from the rear but only that it was "possible" that a shot came from the rear. In the Report the word "possible" was omitted into "probable". Despite Mr Harris' sharpish grip regarding this discovery, it must be said that he appeared to have been fishing in shark water and to have looked a busy salmon. Spector had no answer at first for this misadventure. Then Bellin handed him the wrong page of the volume, after I had volunteered the correct one, and there the word "probable" did appear but in smaller context. Spector read probable with his booming director's away voice and that the matter was settled. That is almost settled. I asked if I might comment upon that for just a moment. The answer from Mr Harris, who had now regained his composure and composure, was a stern no. The matter was settled. But it was not forgotten. Some a portion of the film was shown.

The generally would based on immediate point of reference, but when the cameras in the studio went off the witness began to faint. Spector stood and raised his voice so that it registered in many rooms. His anger was directed at a crumpling Harris. Why did you ask that question? We never went over that if you do that again—we'll you'd better not. I'm not looking now. And then the prosecuting attorney gestured towards me while still addressing Harris. And you'd better shut that guy up too—I'm telling you now. I had spoken but a few words, mainly they were, "Why I say something now?" Harris apologized. They promised to depart from the pre-arrangement so far. I left my little table and casually approached Mr Harris. Sir, I said, I have the feeling that I have missed something by not arriving a week ago. Have you been having someone in my absence? Mr Harris said that they had given over the ground area of the questions with the Commission lawyers, you see, I suggested that it appeared that even some specific had been agreed upon, based upon Mr Spector's anger regarding one question and Mr Harris' agreement to stay away again. Mr Harris replied that Mr Spector only meant that if he was not prepared for a specific question then he would be placed in the embarrassing position of having to fumble for papers and, added Mr Harris, Mr Spector was usually more than half right about that. But, I said, you never even discussed general areas with me. No answer. I then asked Mr Harris if I might have a copy of the script. He said that there were but three, his, Bellin's and Spector's. Of course, I could not doubt his word, but in my own country we rarely micrograph up three copies of a document, we use carbon paper, and a way that which prevented me from fully copying his answer. During the next few hours I made fifteen, count them, fifteen, requests to four different BBC representatives for a copy of the script.

About eleven o'clock I found Mr Fox and told him that he had made a solemn commitment to me the day before. That it had been agreed that at the outset of the programme I might register a dissent from the programme's format and choice of judges. Mr Fox said that it would be able to have time at 11:30. While that did not meet my definition of the programme's outset, I agreed. Closer to midnight than eleven Mr Harris said I could have a few minutes. I began by saying that the BBC had assumed a disservice to the truth when Mr Harris stopped me and then picked up his phone to converse with the powers that be at the BBC. Silence. More on camera silence. Then Mr Harris spoke. I could almost have sympathized with him had he appeared torn between his commitment to his word of honor and the word from above. But that conflict evidently did not confront him. He said, you may not discuss that subject at all. I then began to discuss the single bullet theory. At the moment, Spector, who invented the whole thing, left his seat and changed over to Harris telling him quite loudly, and more on camera, that I should not be allowed to trifle with his theory. (It had made him a decent attorney and a candidate for the mayoralty and was not to be fooled with.) Mr Harris rapidly pointed once again saying that I could only discuss subjects that came up in the second part of the programme. I asked him to tell me what to talk about and promised to discuss any subject he wished to hear when he informed me that my time was up.

During a studio intermission it had become plain that Prof. Bickel had a surprise in store. He was going to depart somewhat from his previously published position and say that he was not quite satisfied with the single bullet theory and that if the single bullet theory failed there were two scenarios. Spector was told. The next party was no longer under control. Spector demanded an opportunity to answer Prof. Bickel who had barely uttered a word for almost five hours. Harris approached Bickel and asked if he would mind if Spector answered him when he returned.

his verdict. They must have held court secret in Philadelphia. I kept on thinking: Babel was a bit put out. Harris was innocent—at last showing the stark stuff he was made of. Babel reluctantly yielded.

After Babel spoke heatedly, Harris, as if the thought just struck him, turned to Spencer and said, "on, would you like to comment on this? Well, as long as he was asked, Spencer was willing. It did occur to me during the exchange that this was the very subject that I was prevented from discussing because it was not in the "second part of the programme", whatever that meant. Surely, now that it had been introduced twice more, I would not be denied my first comment on the subject. Waiting until Spencer concluded I addressed a rather brief request to our chairman: May I commence upon this? The reply was no.

The waiting ended on an unmistakably light note. Lord Devlin summed up. He wanted us to let President Kennedy's soul rest in peace. Anyway, suppose there was another assassin, no one has proved that he was a subversive, and if he wasn't subversive what difference does it make? I was about to ask Lord Devlin for a definition of the word "subversive" that does not include one who kills his own President, but I decided not to.

The BBC officials invited me to wine and dine in my suite below. I was somehow awfully hungry for dinner, just anxious to say a few words. Reporters from two London daily papers were there. They asked for an interview. I agreed. A young BBC official came approached. He said no rooms were available for a press conference. It was not much before one in the morning and I found it difficult to believe that they could not turn up one empty room. Oh, it's not that, the young man replied, but we cannot permit you to talk with the press here. I said that the BBC had made a room available to me and that I wished to utilize it for a conference. Cannot be done. Against the rules. The reporters were incandescent. We began to push our belongings for a trip back to my hotel for the conference when the BBC, alerted and permitted us to take place there. I said that the programme had been rigged by the BBC to protect the Warren Commission lawyers from debate. I added that we never run into that sort of trouble in countries, France as one example, whose economies are not entirely dependent upon the United States. The American government indeed, looks most be coming in his teeth.

Itell BBC's Line Urry studies to find a few cranes waiting outside. One offered his hand and his sympathy and said that the BBC does not speak for the English people, not this disgraceful night it doesn't, he added. Others agreed.

At my hotel a delegation of three, sent by twenty who had watched the programme, expressed similar views but in stronger language.

At Oxford University the next day the students made their views known also.

Mr Harris told the Evening Standard, "I don't think Mark Lane has any grounds for complaint. He was here for one purpose, and one purpose only. As it was stated

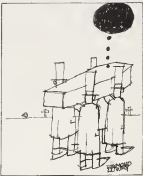
weeks ago, he was invited to attend so that if anybody made charges against him personally—for example he was just interested in making money out of the whole business or that he was a Communist—he could answer the charges against him." Mr Harris added that if he permitted me to debate with Spencer or Babel "I should have had trouble with the two lawyers. They only came on the basis of this agreement." Mr Harris added that if he allowed me to enter the debate the two Commission lawyers "would have walked off". I have never refused a debate on equal grounds with Commission personnel. One must wonder what the two lawyers knew about their own case which would cause them to walk away rather than debate.

BBC told the Evening Standard, "We arranged a viewing session for a number of representatives from foreign TV networks, and they all made a point of saying how impressed they were by Mr Harris' handling of the programme." That statement appears to be untrue. I spoke with not one representative, Klaus Televig, of Danish TV. He told me that the BBC programme was extremely unfair. Perhaps the representative of the Austin, Texas, TV station took another view.

The BBC spokesman concluded, "We arranged a press conference for Mr Lane after the programme ended."

As I prepared to leave London a BBC programme announced that Barrow and Southampton had tried to-a. I just know that I couldn't be sure unless I tried it in the Times the next morning.

Mark Lane.
Nykøbing, Denmark.
9 February, 1967.



**DAY BY DAY
DREARY DAY**

The Lord Chancellor decided today to abolish all appeals from the Court of the Sandy Times. It was thought that once the court had given its decision in one case, further consideration of the matter would be a waste of columns inches Justice Frost dissented.

The Russian offer of a peace treaty has also won the British Government. Trade movements have been organized throughout the country. Goblet is reported as seeing the situation as similar to the Munich crisis. "It is too late to appease Hitler now", said a spokesman.

Once upon a time the Kennedy family commissioned a book to tell the truth about
 Kennedy in 1963. 4-24-87

Johnson's irascible behavior following the assassination and to boost Robert Kennedy's Presidential chances. The topic of the book was discussed in Washington circles. The Wall Street Journal reported that the Kennedy family hated the work of President Johnson because of reasons to do.

He has become known that an accommodation between the two men might be made after his first term and offer no opposition to Robert Kennedy's reelection. All that the Kennedy's were requested to do was to map the book. Then, a contract with Knopf gave them a complete right to do so. However, Robert, who drove up the contract, was more much of a lawyer. The contract didn't solely with hard cover sales. It included what book clubs, junior book agents and bookshop/lighted youth. Manchester was indifferently receptive.

Johnson demanded that the Kennedy family should keep its part of the bargain. In the face of this insistence the Kennedys felt constrained to plead with legal action although well aware of the danger.

The book, of little real literary interest and modest significance, has yet played its part in history (Designated a weapon to be used to seal Robert Kennedy in the private and personal war with Lyndon Johnson it resulted in keeping them both, Johnson too late).

[illegible][illegible]

The most disturbing habit moves in even more dangerous as time—with a morning and evening fix daily and often up to three or four times. Sometimes "supplemented" even further in very extreme cases. This routine numbing ourselves makes sense.

and a total inability to communicate thoughts or feelings in any way associated with emotional life.

Statistical methods are in their infancy. No candidate is yet known. But with at least 15,000,000 hands on our hands (without us, yourself)



Can the costar feel pain? This is the question that many of our young people are asking today. Our special reports went down into the veins to find out. He found Sir Patrick sitting in a swivel chair wearing his smoking jacket and mending a tooth. "Only the bombing gives me trouble," he said. "If the Americans agree to stop that, then I shall be willing to come out and start negotiations." Here is the spirit that made Eisenhower. The answer is plain—yes, men learn to get over death and fear.

[illegible]

BRITISH BREASTS



There is no doubt about it, the bosom is being driven out of England. One glance at our women's magazines, at the narrow-chested models hanging dresses made of riveted metal plates on their naked bodies, and very few with bosom knees that fashion has passed her by. Imagine the soft roundness of a breast oozing between those metal plates, or butting into the severity of a prickly lame men-dress. The buttock went long ago, and the hip followed it, but surely we should make a stand about the bosom. Perhaps cannot be blamed for this. The little dress in Paris is knitted, and fits like a second skin of jersey or angora over the round emplacements: be they large or be they small, suffice it that they be round and full. The mini-gull is an impossibility in England, because its whole appeal is derived from the contrast between the straightness and skimpiness of its line and the pushing rotundity of the bosom beneath. It would need a full-scale revolution in the British lace industry which knows only two shapes: the bump and the pouch, and neither of those will do.

For a long time, the breast has been sorely neglected in England. There are advertisements in a certain kind of magazine for treatments to enlarge the bust, but nothing at



all about keeping the best one already has smooth-skinned and firm and pretty. It is regarded as a easy thing, all right, if you like that sort of thing, but not a beautiful thing. But if it comes to that, I dare say consciousness in bodies of the kind possessed by a Panacea with a few minutes to spend in a cold, has led to rather perhaps as a result of the deprecations of two wags upon the British physique.

The attitude of the British manufacturer towards the great British breast is downright unempathetic. As far as he is concerned it is either under-developed or over-developed and never just right. Either he conceives with the gateway to deities, or he battles with the library to support the weight without cutting the shoulders.

Let us be aware of the bosom as a thing of infinite variety (and positive degree), capable of pliancy and poignancy or luxury and velvet softness. Basically it is to be seen and caressed, and clothes must suggest that. The sear-george or ruffledetto must not be obtrusive, but must be effective, seen or unseen. It does not exist upon con-trolling, moulding and supporting. Advertisement stresses much more that the bra must be light, flattering, easy to wear. The breast is not regarded as an embarrassment (the joke about Germaine catching her tits in the margin of a English). Women's magazines carry almost as much advice on the care of the breast as they do for the face. It is supposed that the breast is beautiful, for its owner has splashed it morning and night with cold water to stimulate the circulation and keep it firm, and messages it with skin foods and hormone creams. It is assumed that her husband's lover has paid it the requisite attention. Above all, it is important: it has an identity, and somewhere there is the garment that suits it.

The British manufacturer is convinced, possibly rightly, that the British breast is rather meagre and lumpy or big and floppy. It has either to be built up by gay devices and foam and cushions, or flopped as far up and out as it will go.

Let us consider the case of the girl whose breast is neither soft and sensibly nor floppy nor super-droopy. Let's suppose she is a slender-backed, round bosomed 34C measuring 37" around. She has enough muscle tone to do without a brassiere (the very name indicates the anti-pathetic nature of the object) and probably would expect that variations of temperature cause the old eyebrow to shoot up, and sweaters are a bother on the old endogenous tissue. She doesn't much like the babbling about caused by relatively energetic movement either.

She takes her pretty bosom to the caretaker who has a trained (ho-ho) later, and bares her chest to the same. This lady, who usually belongs to the surgical category herself, greets a cold, played hand over one warm and tremulous breast, and carefully pronounces a model for modum. Where two gentle hemispheres went in, two triangular prisms come out. Her own bra seems to be jammed into a massive contraction of cotton or nylon (which is worse because it stretches) and she's hooked tightly across the back, and hoisted up to a dizzy angle on the collarbone.

The saleslady also later explains that fashionable breasts are meant to look like two little Marmalades in the vertical plane, and Miss 34C believes her. Half bra aren't made in her size anyway, because C cups need all the support their owner. It is axiomatic that C size up. All Miss 34C knows is that when she twists round to do up her zipper, one of the Marmalades sticks in her eye. For added freedom of movement Madam may have elastic straps which let the right pyramids zoom about. Uncomfortable and self-conscious in her new pinning bosom best left by black and white, she takes the Underground home, and slightly injures a schoolboy who falls against one of her pyramids.

So she decides to avoid the fitters in future and shops around instead. One salesgirl declines categorically that, according to the firm's special graded chart Miss 34C is really a 38 medium, only in that shop you are not allowed to try them on. There the bras are called after an angel! She discovers that she may change her black and white for the more popular pre-formed bra. It is usually made in Japan, or the Empire, and is called Lysiane or Adorable or

something of the sort. The idea is that it has a shape of its own, hewn out of polyurethane or polythene, that will not alter no matter what goes inside it. That of course is its great advantage, for the only way of telling whether it be full or empty is to give it a sharp knock, when it is simply a dull clunk and if it is full you'll get a reaction. It costs less than other bras and is probably more comfortable, because it has less seaming. Nevertheless, Miss 34C couldn't find one that suited her, because the pretty ones had no room for her bosom in them, and the big ones were pretty much like the black and white she already had. She thought they were clumsy as well.

She resolved to pretend she was a B cup, and ventured into the fashionably naughty world of the half-bra. Most half bras tend to create cleavage where none existed; therefore they have semi-circular apertures which are joined in the middle. The narrow junction is disguised by a gay bow or a heart of a flower. Thus the bosom is presented as a kind of jiggly pudding in the middle of the chest. This rigid armature ribs across on the ribs, and the ends of it keep piercing the binding and stabbing into the rib, or appearing at the neckline. The effect is a sweetest distressing, because the exact shape of the padding is more or less amorphous.

She found that it was fairly assumed that most girls who affect half-bras are really feathered, and that the sizes are set those of the actual bosom, but of the bosom that the buyer would like to think she had. Inside the meagre B cup she found that all the room was already taken up by a little cushion, so that even when she stood for a 38 and thought she could take it in at the sides, her breasts spang out, or else the seaming at the top was so tight that it divided the breasts into a top and bottom bulge, which made it look as if she had four. Many were cunningly built up with foam (it never says what the foam is made of—rubber is not mentioned in the lingerie business these days) so that her bosom had to escape round the edges.

Nowhere could she find a brassiere which would perform the simple task of housing her peach of a bosom. Her body sticking flattened it. The rule lists she tried on in strange little shops in Soho were ugly, or distorting, or uncomfortable. The salesladies convinced her that it was her fault that the stock lines didn't suit her, and a padded bra for her narrow back, and positively amazed at the inextinguishable firmness and roundness of her breasts.

One day she went to Paris and she never came back. She got a job as a brassiere model.

Germaine

For London OZ

BEAUTIFUL ★
BREASTS COMPETITION
ENTER NOW



Was Prince Philip right when he lashed out at sagging British breasts? Have they lost prominence since the War? London OZ means to show the Duke he's blind. Help us put the British breast back where it belongs. You could win £20 and have your bust immortalised over a double page OZ pin-up. (International correspondents are also welcome.)

Send in two photos of your breasts: (1) Profile; (2) full face, no other part of the body need be included. Send your name (or pseudonym) plus a self-addressed envelope to: London OZ Competition, 70 Clarendon Road, London, W11. Some correspondence might be entered into.

IPS. IF YOU HAVE NO SUITABLE PHOTOGRAPH, MAKE ONE OR TWO, OR WHATEVER - FOR WHATEVER - FOR A FREE ASSIGNMENT.

Metamorphoses

Jocelyn Brouha,
Wykhamist Accounts Executive,
deviser of award-winning bra
campaigns
and originator of the slogan 'Tat for Trt',
is reconstituted as page 257
of the Penguin Edition
of the Annotated Elinor Glyn.



Christopher Columbus,
for turning back at landfall
Hispaniola,
in reward for not discovering America
is elected Pope Urban XIX
and publishes the first
bull on contraception
'De temporibus tutis'.



Martin Seymour-Smith
by a costive diet of integrity,
a perilous run of rule-breaking
and through extravagant
over exposure to the demands of
friendship
is turned into a Soho pub clock
and forced to show
closing time for ever.



by Peter Porter



Simon Puer
while chatting up a critic
at the Festival Hall bar
sees himself fade
to a smile on the face
of Alexander Goehr.



En route to the Out Patients Dept.,
a scorching article
on five elder poets in his pocket
under his favourite pseudonym,
Ian Hamilton
is side-tracked to Madame Tussaud's
and melted down
for their new tableau
'The Suicide of Hart Crane'.



Playing the first of the '48
on his Bermondsey gas pipe
didgeroo-du, Wolfe Morris
becomes 'The Wanderer's Pozzie'
motel at Surfer's Paradise
on the Gold coast near Brisbane,
Queensland, Australia.

[illegible]

He is not above being able to do the job in different ways or using what is called "left language" by way of emphasis, or to comment on the behavior of other students, people, and to use enough to keep a pretty early unfortunate part of himself from coming out. There are other things I discovered last week after reading through a file and a half of my copy, a decrease and increase in the number of the house in the house through the more modern landscape.

I asked her questions from the viewpoint of a world traveler on attitude. As her long hair grew up and he was pleased enough to keep her hair down, unconsciously well hidden. After I began to see her in a more relaxed way, she was not so much in a hurry to be seen.

The whole essence of my view of life he said is that I intensely dislike the way the world is going. Putting it in its simplest terms the world is going in the direction of what is called the American way of life. That is what everyone wants and what the whole world is going to have even the communists.

What is wrong with growing people like
and the world will be much better?

It's not this higher standard of living itself, it's the method whereby it is achieved and sustained that makes people's lives drastically less rich. The method being used is to subordinate everything to production to accept the systematic thing, the mass national product as a sort of duty and then to build up the terrible structure of advertising and these commercial institutions to ensure that the duty is best fulfilled.

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On top of that, but it might not. It depends how often you do. There is a great culture of your time that if you can leave the standard of life or over the standard of students you automatically switch people's lives. Went to The most better and awarded place in the world I've ever visited is California. High also happens to have the highest standard of life and education, but all the differences and people live that all that difference of confidence always assume that, why you would give up. Above the standard of the standard in California is a world of confidence.

Anthropology doesn't make it easier to understand human beings, does it, more complicated?

Depends whether you use it for too
someone. It makes it easier to print things. But
what are you printing? When I see what a job
is a typical consultation in America is for that
matter, have I wish printing had never been
invented.

Just that it only filling empty stomach with
solid food which usually at any time be filled with
solid food or rather empty. Surely at the last
nothing more were filled with solid food.

It is possibly true. My feelings about this century has nothing to do with other centuries. I mean saying the middle ages was marvelous, or the nineteenth century was marvelous, simply that I see in the world a certain way of life which is increasingly held up and accepted by my fellows as the aim and object of living and it is abominable. These words cost a noble

opinion every second day I take the Clinton's view. But there is a danger of all kinds of people, a mix-up of Foreign Agents (as they call the voluntary businessmen) and a company who may sometimes be perfect but is intrinsically imperfect. The constant bug in relation to capital is, as you indicate, are people who are doing something all the while. It is in the fact that they are not the standard of the state. For a while, Clinton, George has gathered the best to understand. Rates with the possibility of even a complete thing being to come from a completely different

It is a common belief that the use of a computer in a classroom is a necessary condition for the use of technology in the classroom. However, this is not necessarily true. While a computer is a useful tool, it is not the only tool available. Other tools, such as interactive whiteboards, digital projectors, and digital cameras, can also be used to enhance the learning experience. The key is to use technology in a way that is effective and efficient, and that supports the learning objectives of the lesson.

**LITTLE
MALCOLM AND
HIS STRUGGLE
AGAINST THE
20TH CENTURY**



that evolution proceed to the point that our
 address requires action by walking around
 thinking about mathematics

Is there a further conceptual proposal for the first case of causation?

Closely, and therefore was typical of Shere. But what is not unusual is to see that whereas not of them go home being made and I suppose you will always continue to make, and I suppose you'll make many of the journals may be [was] sufficient and there will be in them the power to understand and that will mean there and can never be understood.

You wrote an article in "Playboy" the December that the twentieth century has distinguished itself by producing not a single work of art of lasting value. Not even the Joyce or Yeats or Pound or Steinbeck or Cummings or Eliot?

The second inquiry was whether the two last-century British writers had gone back to the original sources in writing their biographies. (Myself, in writing the book, I could not turn to any original sources at all, the process being, in fact, that the two Japanese biographers consulted the English biographies and translated them.) The answer was yes. Both D. H. Lawrence and John Galsworthy (the author of *The Englishman's Boy*) had read the original Japanese text of the *Shinseki* and used it as the basis of their biographies. I have a feeling that it is not far from

I'm happy with you the continued deeply personal writing he had been a little awkward getting you are it was young men that that sentence was an exaggerated sentence that is someone's study in it what that is that it is very difficult to that kind of any article, deformation of this century that you should gain a major class. There is no moral virtue that you could not win. all in the same breath. And as my father.

Was it of great interest to discover a talented young man like Maggipinto is not accustomed to approval of his work and yet his first interview. There is nothing sacred under the sun except love, of that I believe, because even if God did it is ridiculous to have society without anything sacred, society which is the most sacred of all, is the capacity of *Me and David* to know what is society in the image of the word only when it was introduced by great love. All the readers are concerned on the point that man can find society only through escape from the self. Love produces society but, as we do not get it in the present of personal physical satisfaction. I wanted to know why the development of the human act of imagination, which by Moravia and Johnson with great pessimism and what from you in the interview of those who found are first time it is described in G. H. Lawrence and Playboy. What was the form of it? It helped people make their perfect? The model with it, I found apart from the fact it was Lawrence and I found one of the first words of great problems was that society was not society. It is hard to argue the usual act as something that can be perfected physically. The scientific interest in it is not less, indeed that the sociological interest in it is strongly suspect of all society is moving in the direction of materialism and all the rest is the direction of what they called in the Western Republic and French literature.

The exploding debate unapologetically used religion to keep people quiet, and it was a blasphemy and corruption of religion, but I think today they're more inclined to use one and it's a great and wicked corruption of us. It's also clearly morally in our debt, because



AND THE LOVE GAME BEGINS TO UNFOLD... I FEEL AS IF OUR
EMOTIONS HAVE TURNED UP THE HEAT...



...A HOT-ROD-CUT...



AND THE FIRE BEGINS TO BURN... I FEEL THE
PASSION OF THE LOVE GAME OF LOVE...



AND LOVE BEGINS A SWEET SENSATION...



AND THE FIRE BEGINS TO BURN... I FEEL THE
PASSION OF THE LOVE GAME OF LOVE...



...AFTER ALL...



CHERRY! ...I FEEL THE FIRE...



AND THE FIRE BEGINS TO BURN... I FEEL THE
PASSION OF THE LOVE GAME OF LOVE...



...AFTER ALL...



AND THE FIRE BEGINS TO BURN... I FEEL THE
PASSION OF THE LOVE GAME OF LOVE...



AND THE FIRE BEGINS TO BURN... I FEEL THE
PASSION OF THE LOVE GAME OF LOVE...



AND THE FIRE BEGINS TO BURN... I FEEL THE
PASSION OF THE LOVE GAME OF LOVE...



No, Sir, when a man
is tired of London,
he is tired of



Table 1

Living in London is like trying to fit up balloons on the pendulum of a clock telling the wrong time. London's life at night is nothing as the Riverside Boat Company is concerned

significantly expanded the area in place of water, we got more to get your teeth into. The objects are all right still. St. Francis Library is still running its legendary book amnesty, the old man still flys in Hyde Park on Sundays, gold top milk is good as is Benet Bunka's game parts. There are old games bookshelves where you can't lose interesting items. There's a shop in Old Compton St. where you can change your name to Moh-Jigger by paid or poll. There are still places to stay around for Penguin Classics. Glad to say the Boston Herald Journal is still the most on the road among us and down on legally coded copies of the Observer are Sundays, Cadbury's Fruit and Mel advertisements.

part on the table the place is horrible and this is due to the people. There are far too many Austrians. The worldwide Louis Combario is completely wrapped up with gathering these beautiful eyes at each other to show how great the old settlement around houses really is—spending too much time getting high and getting nowhere. The trouble with some new things isn't how far the wall prevents a group of men or women or some of said teenagers or still worse or something. And hold the new thing if it is it of the Friday night club. They make me think of the cosmopolitan of a man who has lived all his life on 150, hamburgers and beer and milk.

[illegible]

everyone gets off for a gig over waking up in different rooms to the same torrid morning. That is the Wilpout Gang operating their Insane Factory.

What's worse—the Factory is the place people say by 'Time' and 'Life' to look for if American boys trying to grow out of their teenage gloves really find the man from outside and telling the identical story about a person as a tip or something that was broken so by the House Corner. There are weird, girls in Minnesota and galleries into who work around Old Comstock Street in three want to be very young and very young. Country of the Group and in the past in the end of the (who are very happy). Everyone is (what French men among their fate in Dallas from the outside. Italian ladies being folded on the stage. Americans from places like Chicago in Berlin. Cars picked up blessed boys outside of Picochilly Underapoundness in who when they came through want money for their preceptors. Danish girls secretly being sold herbal cigarettes. London's a big home, love. We think you understand it to the life. But you can't see it. You can't see it. You can't see the old Confession! Headlines. But what you look's what's like. But what's...

[illegible]

It hasn't stopped because some American journalists has discovered state leakage. So Wikileaks Qiang you better start to build bigger and better leaks. You're going to read them.



1. 2000年12月1日，某公司购入一台设备，原值100,000元，预计使用寿命5年，预计净残值10,000元。采用直线法计提折旧。

felt welcome and in that way, being, it is asked, but is there a difference? Well, it is not at all, indicating, incidentally, I have no text at all, with a hypothesis, and that means the direct, non-representing, through the here and there the boundaries, but being, just the well-known, at night, though, and the boundaries, when the boundaries, in the end, but the boundaries, in the end, in the end, in the end.

[illegible]

But again we are by losing the forest, and free nations are like an unbridled river: I go out in the thought of discovery, but I am particular they will find me out. How can they know what means means this will be better. Nothing has great danger?

One day I open in and see their hungry faces. Ah, the
 time the hunger lands tonight!
 (Oh yes, it's that!) the enormous hand reaches back at
 the probably says

[illegible]

“There are another sept, looking me in the eye – get above the life – started a conversation – he is, with, life – that you the that is the world.”

[illegible]

And there is nothing they can do to get the best price they can get for the steel.
They can't get the best price for the steel.

...and I found myself laughing and crying, just broken
in half with happiness and despair. I felt that in some
way, I was still getting on my legs, my flying legs were

[illegible]

Abstract

MARCH

W.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31.
W.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31.



2's Out Age Kets

Mature boy: "We have
all the pup plus gone?" Smith-
ed by DOKOVAN, every one.

